" Oh, Mummy, my underneaths hurt ", and when her mother offers to put some healing ointment on she says, " My baby brother or sister " (not yet born) " can't have any ointment on, can he ? "

Another type of anxiety is that, even if her father gives her a baby, she will be injured in her own body by it. It will be a bad one. She asks, " How can a baby come out of your underneaths ? Does it hurt much ? " (a wish as well as a fear that it will hurt her mother). " Well, I won't have one if it hurts." When she is carrying her doll, she says, " She keeps falling down, she's as heavy for me as I am . . . " (for you). That is to say, because she is heavy and difficult to her mother, hostile to her mother, her own babies will be so for her, and she will not be able to carry a baby successfully.

In the minor phobias which develop when her little sister is about a year old, we see the extent of her anxiety of " nasty animals " and of " crabs " which may pinch and attack her (her mother attacking her with her father's penis). And in this later period she tries to deal with her fears of being injured, because of her bad wishes, by masturbation and a rather compulsive type of exhibitionism, showing her " under-neaths " with obvious anxiety and a certain amount of defiance, to prove that it is safe to do this, and that they are not too bad to be shown.

(4) Another very striking element in Ursula's behaviour, however, is the tremendous effort she makes to deal with this hostility both to her mother and to her little sister. She over-compensates her hatred and resentment towards her mother by excessive attachment and expressions of love. She addresses the unborn baby, " Hullo, my precious ! " and often says " Isn't she sweet ? Isn't it nice to have a sister ? It's a good thing I wanted one." And to her mother, " I want to be with you *all the time.* . . . I don't

want you to go out, Mummy. I love you so much I want to be with you always. " "*I* love you, Daddy . . . and I love Mummy. I love you very much but I love Mummy most of all." " I love you so much, Mummy, fifty thousand. I love you more than I can tell you." " My sweet Mummy! " " I love you so much it makes me want to cry." It must be remorse for her hostility and jealousy that makes Ursula want to cry when she loves. Even when Ursula becomes " a princess " and tells " a 'citing story ", she only feels safe in